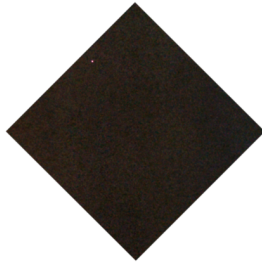
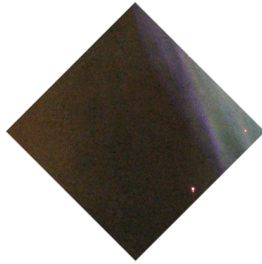
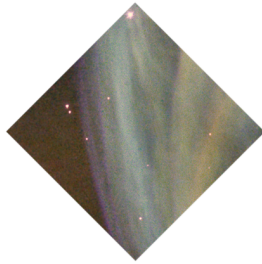
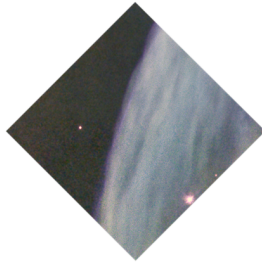




**MUSIC OF THE SPHERES**  
GOLDEN AGE ANTHOLOGY



MARTY O'DONNELL MICHAEL SALVATORI PAUL McCARTNEY  
EMBLYNE ATLYX MOONVALD BYF



# 01. The Moon

I

The moon is full and snow falls soft tonight  
In silver filigree. I seem to fall,  
Floating through the chapel of her light,  
The moon is full.

The white lace of the snowfall makes a veil  
Through which I glimpse her face, a paler white,  
Whose pallor calls to me, a tidal pull

That gathers in me, loosens, lifts the weight  
That palls and pulls me. In her light I feel  
Fasted and lifted, empty, open, light,  
The moon is full.

II

The moon is full and I have lost my way,  
Drawn down her mazy path towards my fall,  
Ready to swoon and sink beneath her sway.  
The moon is full.

The tide of panic rises and I feel  
A dark fear that deletes the light of day.  
Her pale light wraps around me like a pall

That pulls and blurs and blends and wipes away  
And drains the patterns from my mind, until  
She empties me and I can only say  
The moon is full.

